melancholy if you will fauour the man. But by my head 'tis pride: but why, why, let him shew vs a cause?

Nest. What mooues *Aiax* thus to bay at him?

Vliss. *Achillis* hath inuegled his foole from him,

Nest. Who *Therſites?* *Vliſ.* He.

Neſt. Thē wil *Aiax* lack matter, if he haue loſt his argumēt.

Vli. No you ſee he is his argument, that has his argument *Achilles.*

Neſ. All the better, their fractiō is more our wiſh then their faction, but it was a ſtrōg compoſure a foole could diſunite.

Vli. The amity that wiſdom knits not, folly may eaſily vnty,
Heere comes *Patroclus.* *Neſt.* No *Achilles* with him.

Vliſ. The Elephant hath ioynts, but none for courteſie,
His legs are legs for neceſſity, not for flexure.

Patro. *Achilles* bids me ſay he is much ſorry,
If any thing more then your ſport and pleaſure
Did mooue your greatneſſe, and this noble ſtate,
To call vpon him. He hopes it is no other
But for your health, and your diſgeſtion ſake,
An after dinners breath.

Agam. Heere you *Patroclus*:
We are too well acquainted with theſe anſwers,
But his euaſion winged thus ſwift with ſcorne,
Cannot out-flie our apprehenſions,
Much attribute he hath, and much the reaſon
Why we aſcribe it to him. Yet all his vertues,
Not vertuouſly on his owne part beheld,
Doe in our eyes begin to loſe their gloſſe,
Yea like faire fruite in an vnhoſſome diſh,
Are like to rott vntaſted. Go and tell him,
We come to ſpeake with him, and you ſhall not ſinne,
If you do ſay, we thinke him ouer-proud
And vnder-honeſt, in ſelfe aſſumption greater
Then in the note of iudgement. And worthier then himſelfe
Heere tend the ſauage ſtrangeneſſe he puts on,
Diſguiſe, the holy ſtrength of their commaund,
And vnder-write in an obſeruing kinde,
His humorous predominance; yea watch

His

His courſe, and time, his ebbs and flowes, and if
The paſſage, and whole ſtreame of his commencement,
Rode on his tide. Goe tell him this, and adde,
That if he ouer-hold his price ſo much,
Weele none of him. But let him like an engine,
Not portable, lye vnder this report.
Bring action hither, this cannot go to warre,
A ſtirring dwarfe we doe allowance giue,
Before a ſleeping gyant. Tell him ſo.

Patr. I ſhall, and bring his anſwer preſently.

Agam. In ſecond voyce weele not be ſatisfied,
We come to ſpeake with him: *Vliſſes* entertaine.

Aiax. What is he more then another?

Agam. No more then what he thinkes he is.

Aiax. Is he ſo much: doe you not thinke he thinkes himſelfe a better man then I am?

Agam. No queſtion.

Aiax. Will you ſubſcribe his thought, and ſay he is.

Agam. No noble *Aiax*, you are as ſtrong, as valiant, as wiſe, no leſſe noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Aia. Why ſhould a man be proud? how doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your minde is the cleerer, and your vertues the fairer, hee that is proud eates vp him-ſelfe: Pride is his owne glaſſe, his owne trumpet, his owne chronicle, and what euer praiſes it ſelfe but in the deed, deuoures the deed in the praiſe.

Enter Vliſſes.

Aiax. I do hate a proud man, as I do hate the ingendring of Toades.

Neſt. And yet he loues himſelfe, iſt not ſtrange?

Vliſ. *Achilles* will not to the field to morrow.

Agam. What's his excuſe?

Vliſ. He doth relye on none,
But carries on the ſtreame of his diſpoſe,
Without obſeruance, or reſpect of any,
In will peculiar, and in ſelfe admiſſion.